



ESTABLISHED BY J. W. COVY,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
Office in the Railroad Depot,
IRONTON, OHIO.

Will be published every Tuesday, for One Dollar per year in advance. For One Dollar and Fifty Cents if not paid within the first three months.

Advertisements—One or more squares of twelve lines, Fifty cents each for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year or parts of a year.

Notices of five lines or less, requiring no insertion, will be published for twenty-five cents each.

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(From the Louisville Journal.)

CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA.

The day had passed, and on Judea's hills
The parting sunlight poured, mellow and soft,
As distant music on the dreamy bound seep,
A lone, apart from all the mighty throng
Which had gathered round him, and with awe
And wonder in their eyes, the women stood
Upon Him as He broke the bread of life,
The Son of God had knelt.

Far out beyond,
Sleeping in calm and quiet beauty,
A slumbering lake upon its mother's knee,
The golden sea of Galilee lay still
And waveless as before the angry wind.

Were loosed from out their dreary prison-caves,
Beneath and sloping toward the water, stretched
The plain, where, through the hot mid-day sky,
Thousands had flocked to the words of peace,
That lighted up their darkness. Alas, whose brow
Had been by time and care and labor marked,
Had melted into children as they heard
The calm words of Christ, while, from within,
The deep-toned whistling of the spirit-voice
Had taught them how to weep. Mothers had held
Their babies high above the crowd to see
The long-expected Savior. All around
Were seen the traces of the multitude,
As, on the velvet grass, He bade them sit
And feed them on the faith-crumb bread
Of the Almighty God.

But now, the plain
Lay hushed and mute, as if some spirit-wing
Had overshadowed it and shut it out
Forever from the busy world around.

The ceaseless tramp of feet hurrying fast,
The sigh uprising from the heart of woe,
The imploring cry for mercy, and the shout
And later mockery of scorn, were hushed—
For Christ had "went away the multitude
And gone up to the mount, apart, to pray."

The calm sweet evening with its gentle smile
Of love and beauty gleaming on the top
Of hill and mountain, deepened into night,
And still his ceaseless prayer to Heaven went up.

But, with this sign of darkness came a change
Of nature's reign of mood. Dark, gloomy clouds
Curled the crescent throne of majesty,
And struck from Heaven the bright and cheerful stars,
Which pale, grew dim, and then in tears went out.

The gentle summer breeze, which then in tears went out,
Had borne the perfume of the bright-blossomed flowers
Which, in playful dalliance, to the cheek
Of Him who prayed upon the mount, and tossed
The dark locks back from his pallid brow,
Was now so changed into the howling blast
It seemed to hear the wailing chariot-wheels
Of the burning cities of the East.

So, as the storm came, the wind rose, but now
So peaceful, raised its voice to wail and woe,
To wail the howling wind, their keeled aloft
And rapped with foam, and rocked and surged
Till on its rocky shores it madly broke—
And (familiar's great caverns gave the crash
Back with an hundred echoes.

Now, "the Twelve"
Had gone "before him to the other side,"
And when the wind arose, the ship was yet
Laboring among the waters, "for the wind
Was contrary." And as the struggling bark
Bounded and rebounded with the heaving waves,
"Christ went unto them, walking on the sea."

The wild waves piled their mountains in His path,
And dashed about His head a glittering spray,
And hoarsely howled from their hidden caves,
But God "he" leaped upon the yielding flood
As though "were firm as marble in the bed
Where it has slept for ages.

But the strange
And startling apparition burst too wild
And fearful on the awed part of the crew
Within the vessel. They had heard the voice
Of Christ, calling the sleeping dead to life
And love and mercy—they had seen His divine
And foul corruption loose their loathsome grasp,
And yield to balmy health when Jesus spoke—
And they had stood before Him, tremblingly,
When wind and sea and heaven together fought
For mastery, and heard his clear loud voice
Ringing above the tumult, "peace be still!"

And seen the clashing elements obey—
But now their doubting hearts were filled with fear
And they were troubled and with each other
They whispered, "what a miracle, it is a spirit!"
But lo! a voice from out the darkness stole
Upon their grateful ears, "be not afraid,"
"For I."

And lo! another mighty change—
The fearful waves have melted themselves to sleep
And the soft zephyr winds seem singing now
Their gentle lullaby. The laden clouds
Float softly off. The ever-watchful stars,
God's sentinels above a sleeping earth,
Flash forth their brightness, and the silver stream
Of moonlight on the waters gleams far down
Amid the jeweled caverns of the deep.

J. W. H.

LEWISVILLE, Nov. 24, 1851.

Good Listeners.

There are a few good listeners in the world who make all the use they might make of the understandings of others, in the conduct of their own. The use made of the great instrument of conversation is the display of superiority, not the gaining of those materials on which superiority may rightly and justly be founded.

Every man takes a different view of a question as he is influenced by constitution, circumstances, age, and a thousand other peculiarities; and no individual ingenuity can sift and examine a subject with as much variety and success, as the minds of many men, put in motion by many causes, and affected by an endless variety of accidents. Nothing, in my humble opinion, would bring an understanding so farward as this habit of attending to others; a point in which almost all men of abilities are deficient, whose first impulse, if they are young, is too often to contradict; or if the manners of the world have caused them of that, to listen only with attentive ears, but with no mind to receive and acknowledge truth. I may be very wrong, and probably I am so; but in the whole course of my life, I do not know that I ever saw a man of considerable understanding respect the understandings of others as much as he might have done for his own improvement, and as it was just that he should do—*Symphony.*

From the National Magazine.

Music—its History and Influence.

There is no record of the exact period of time when music first stepped forth upon the earth to enchain the senses of man with the magic of her voice.

In the early chapters of the Bible mention is made of Jubal the son of Lamech who played upon the lyre. Josephus remarks, "that from Jubal probably came Jobel, the trumpet of Jubel or Jubilee, that large and loud instrument used in proclaiming liberty at the year of jubilee." One of the oldest songs of which we have record, is that of Miriam, sung after the passage of the Red Sea.

As we proceed with Sacred History, we find, among the Hebrews, the character of poet and singer united the same individual. David not only wrote psalms and hymns, but made instruments of music. His viol had ten strings played with a bow. The psalter had twelve musical notes, and was played upon by the fingers. The cymbals were broad and large instruments made of brass. With these he taught the Levites to perform hymns to God on the Sabbath-day and other festivals. At the captivity of the two tribes, the singers and musicians were carried to Babylon, where they out-lived their imprisonment, and returned again with their instruments. Jesus, the son of Sirach, says, "that at the temple, in his days the singers sang praises with their voices, which with great variety of sounds was there made sweet melody." In the gorgeous processions of that period, whether sacred or warlike, no doubt music took a prominent part; in every age has spoken a language to be understood by the most barbarous and uncivilized tribes, as well as the most civilized.

In the tomb of Osamuus near Thebes musical instruments have been found, and it has been concluded that the Egyptians were acquainted with their use two thousand years before the birth of Christ. Pythagoras is said to have learned music from an Egyptian priest.

From the provinces of Asia Minor the different modes of Greek music are derived. Mythological accounts invariably give the praise to Greece, where the art was first acquired and perfected.

It is supposed, and very naturally, that music owes its origin to some lone shepherd, who while watching his flock upon the hills imitated with a reed the various changes of the wind as it swept with a whispering sound through the thick forests, or howled down the deep ravines, awakening with its call the tone of the torrents, and desolating the valleys with its strength.

One can fancy the unutterable solace such a discovery would be to the solitary man, and how the deer ones of his homestead would gather around him when the sheep were in the fold, and listen with strange delight to the melody issuing from his Paudean pipe.

A beautiful myth lies concealed in the story of Orpheus, who by his divine music moved mountains and stones to follow him wherever he played. Losing by death his beloved Eurydice, he followed her to the entrance of Hades, where striking a cord in unison with his feelings, its tenderness softened the stern divinities to compassion, and the trilling tones of his voice suspended all the torments of Tartarus, and Orpheus gained consent to conduct Eurydice back to earth on one condition—but in a narrow part of the gloomy road only one could proceed at a time, and though he still played on to lull the jealous fiends, he looked back, to see if his beloved was safe, and lost her forever, for his want of faith in the power which had carried him through so many dangers.

In the Justinian palace is a statue of Apollo, holding in one hand a knife and a human skin in the other; and there is also preserved, by the noble family of the Marchesa Sotta, of Modena, a painting of Correggio's, representing the punishment of Marsyas, to whom is attributed the invention of the flute. This famous musician as classic history informs us, resided at Celene a city of Phrygia, of which it was once the capital, and as he was one day wandering alone near a lake, he observed a musical instrument, which bore some resemblance to a pipe floating upon the water; this was a flute which had been manufactured by Minerva out of the leg-bone of a stag which she had one day found in her path, and on which she played with great skill. It is the quality of hard substances to sink in the water, but this particular bone may have acquired its floating property from the divine touch of the Goddess of Wisdom, who after all the pleasure this flute had given her, threw it away in disgust, when she saw by reflection in a glassy pool, the frightful grimaces she made, and the manner her mouth was distorted when playing. As she flung it from her hand she denounced a miserable death on the person who should find it and this was verified in the fate of the unfortunate Marsyas, who seized the instrument with much avidity, and drew forth such melodious sounds in his hymns dedicated to the immortal gods, that the Fauns, Satyrs, Nymphs, and Dryads followed him wherever he went. Puffed up with vanity at the praises which assailed him on every hand, he at last challenged Apollo to competition, who accepted the challenge on the express condition that the vanquished should be at the mercy of the vanquisher. The decision was in favor of Apollo, who had the cruelty to flay his rival alive. The tears shed for the death of poor Marsyas formed the source of a river which bears his name, which rises a short distance from the site of the ancient city of Celene, which was destroyed by an earthquake.

Poetry and painting require refined and educated minds to appreciate their respective beauties; but music declares herself in language common to the general ear of humanity. There are but few who are impervious to her influence and those few are ashamed to own that they are deaf to the voice of the charmer. It is well understood that among the humblest hearers of a concert are some of the keenest judges of a true melody or false intonation. Many a one goes away from such places of amusement with the chambers of his mind or well stored with the richest gems of the composer; exquisite snatches of melody, which ever and anon gush forth unbidden from his lips, lessening the fatigue of labor, and flinging around him a charm which makes his society courted by his rustic circle of neighbors when evening brings the toll of day to its conclusion. The coldest heart could scarcely remain unmoved at the beautiful ballad of "Robin Grey;" with its plaintive minor breathing forth the sorrow of the old man's wife, who no longer dares to love the object of her first affection. The tenderness of the music here expresses as much pathos as the poetry. But change the tune to "drops of Brandy," and see what a change also passes over the faces of the listeners: those who sat so mute and motionless, with tearful eyes, to that true love, can scarcely constrain themselves; even the aged cripple loves to start up and dance to the joyful measure.

The delicious effect which is produced by the tarantella on the Italian peasants is well known. A man to this species of music, will dance for hours, with a succession of partners, until he falls prostrated by fatigue, upon the ground. No doubt associations have much to do with all our enjoyments: and fine and energetic as is the music of our national anthem, the words help the effect inspiring us with love, and reverence, for our land.

The "Ranz des Vaches" was prohibited from being played in the French army, when it was found to produce such dangerous consequences to the men, many of the Swiss soldiers having deserted under its influence. When they heard the strains that brouh brouh brouh, their native voices, their recollections of their native homes, their vast mountains and their peaceful chapels rose up before them, and in their mind desire to be once more amid the scenes they loved, they forgot the duty they owed to their commanders, and either fled or became so broken-spirited that they had no longer courage to act as became men. No one can form an idea of the magic of their pastoral music unless they hear it echoed from hill to hill amid the sublime scenery of Switzerland.

The first writer who treated the doctrine of sounds mathematically was Euclid who lived two hundred and twenty-seven years before Christ.

The Romans received the music which they used at sacrifices and other religious ceremonies from the Etruscans; but that performed on the stage was from the Greeks; they made use of capital letters for notes. In public the song was accompanied with flutes, playing it is supposed, simple concertos, supporting and heightening the voice as the subject required.

Dr. Moseley has written a most ingenious paper on Greek Music, in which he considers that the Greek chorus, like the Russian horn-band of present day, might probably have been performed on the principle of a note to each person.

However this may be, it is quite certain that melody to the Greeks was unknown.

The progress of music for many centuries remained in darkness; but little knowledge of how she existed has been handed down to posterity. It was in the year 1022, that Guido, called in France Guy d'Arreze, a Benedictine monk in the monastery of Pomposa, first invented the gamut as it now stands; but it was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that time was introduced. This division of bars has brought of great value into disuse, and the round and maxims are no longer known except by the musical antiquary; and it would puzzle him to understand the "Virginal Book" of Queen Elizabeth, published in 1578.

To the tribulations of the fourteenth century music owed her release from the trammels of crude theories invented by the ancient composers, who veiled her sweet voice in complex and discordant sounds. Under her new masters all false doctrines were cast forth; she was made to imitate the gentle sounds of nature, and caught fresh inspirations from murmuring brooks and gushing springs, until she inundated the valleys of France with a flood of melody. The romance of that period is still hovering in many a fair dandelion's soul, as she sings to her harp the song of the minstrel of Navarre, "et pleurs, et plains et soupire."

To these charming chansons were added in time, the art of measure, modulation and grace.

It was in 1590, that a schoolmaster in Lombardy, Charles Monteverdi, invented the harmony of the dominant, and was the first to use the seventh and even the ninth of the dominant; he likewise employed the minor fifth as a consonance, which had always before been used as a dissonance.

Thus the tonal harmony became known, and the principles being once admitted, all its consequences were naturally deduced, and musicians arrived almost insensibly at the conclusion that only three essential harmonies were to be acknowledged, namely, those of the tonic, the dominant, and sub-dominant which are all that should be placed on either, direct or inverted on those notes, and on those comprised in their harmony.

He also introduced with composition double dissonances, which were soon succeeded by triple dissonances, and diminished and altered chords.

Contemporary with Charles Monteverdi, Aladana lived and was the first person who formed the idea of giving to the instrumental bass a different melody from that of the vocal, to which it had hitherto strictly adhered. He further proposed to make this new bass reign through the piece, and to consider it as the basis of the whole composition.

These innovations excited the indignation of composers attached to the ancient rule, but experience overcame their vague and abstract reasonings, and by degrees the new method found favor in their sight; but the Church then, as now, ever alive to the loss of power, by permitting alterations, retained long after Monteverdi its aged expressionless chants.

VOLCANOS—Their Causes.

The general theory embraced by some leading men of science in reference to the cause of volcanoes, is that they are the smoke pipes of the great fire in the top of a huge white hot cauldron, and the volcanoes in different parts of the world are merely vents of this internal fire.

The following are the views of Prof. Silliman of Yale College, on the subject embraced in a lecture recently delivered in this city:

The internal heat of the earth is proved by direct experiment. A gentleman is still living in Paris, who first called the attention of geologists and philosophers to this subject. He was one of those scientific men who accompanied Napoleon to Egypt, when he went on that great expedition—for Napoleon took with him not only the weapons of war, but he took a much more important cohort, that is men of science, art and literature, able to explore and examine all the antiquities of the most important and venerable country. A great literary work resulted from this expedition which proved to the world that the interior of the earth was in a heated state, bringing together facts already known, in regard to mines and springs. This general principle announced, has been followed up repeatedly, by very deep borings, called artesian wells. The very deep well in Paris had been worked upon for seven years, without reaching water, when Arrago came forward and gave the government assurance that if they would continue their work, and go through the beds of chalk they would, in all probability find water. They continued till they got down through the chalk, when the water rose up in a great volume of twelve feet. This water still flows there, and doubtless will continue to flow to the end of time. This water was found to be very hot. Many other artesian wells have been made all over Europe, for various purposes, and the uniform result has been that we find the earth increasing in heat the lower we go down. Add to this the testimony of those who work in very deep mines, and we ascertain the fact that the rate of heat increases about one degree for every fifty feet of descent; so that if we were to go down two miles we should find boiling water; and at ten miles we might reasonably expect to arrive at incandescent rocks. Is then, all beneath us fire? I am not prepared to say to some that this is the case, although there is strong evidence to justify such a theory. Witness the geyser of Iceland—where hot waters are gushing up from the earth age after age, and century after century. The result of all observations on springs goes to show that they are thermal—that is, of a higher temperature. The Azores present a very important fact in example. The hot springs of Luena, in the Appennine mountains, are large spouting springs of a high temperature, so copious, that they may be relied on for hot baths all the year round. Another case is the hot springs of Bath in England. These are the most remarkable as there are no volcanoes in the British Islands. We know that from the time of the Romans these waters have never ceased to gush up in abundance.

The hot springs of the Rocky Mountains are also very important, and the great salt lake in Virginia is very hot.

Taking the artesian wells and the thermal, we have from these sources, the best evidence of the heated temperature of the internal portion of the earth and this is placed beyond all doubt by the great volcanoes in the world. And here we have decisive evidence that the heat which will melt the solid rock is not connected with any external cause; for, among the cold icy mountains, there are volcanoes bursting up to the height of 12,000 feet.

In Spain and South America we find great volcanoes bursting out. The fact is the world is on fire. It has always been on fire. It was kindled at the time of its creation, and has been burning ever since.—[Scientific American.]

Curiosities for the New York Exhibition.

The Brig Magnet, which lately arrived at Boston from St. Johns, brought among her cargo eleven fine fat seals, and what is more singular an ice monkey. This animal was found in the Arctic regions by Dr. Harvey, a gentleman who has been engaged for some time in hunting seals. So far as has been elucidated, he lives entirely on the ice, subsisting on fish, and to relieve the monotony of his quiet life, he socially communicates with the many walrus and seals that occasionally poke their noses out of the water, and struggle about. The seals are to be sent to the world's Fair for exhibition.

A cabinet maker of Bermuda is fabricating a beautiful box of mottled cedar and a chandelier of that aromatic wood, which he intends to forward to the approaching exhibition.

Manifesto of Robert Owens.

TO ALL GOVERNMENTS AND PEOPLE.

The well-known philanthropist, Mr. Owens has sent us the following address which we insert, as it relates to a matter of some curiosity at this time:

"A great moral revolution is about to be effected for the human race, and by an apparent miracle.

Strange and incredible as it may at first appear, communications most important and gratifying, have been made to great numbers in America, and to many in this country through manifestations, by invisible but audible powers purporting to be from departed spirits, and to me especially, from President Jefferson, Franklin, His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, Grace Fletcher—my first and most enlightened disciple—and many members of my own family, Welsh and Scotch.

No one who knows me will attribute superstition to me or want of moral courage to investigate truth, and to follow it wherever it may lead.

I have honestly and fearlessly applied my best faculties to examine the religions, laws, governments, institutions and classifications of all nations and peoples, and I have found them all to be based on a fundamental principle of error, which pervades the whole, and which in consequence, produces, in each of these divisions of society evil instead of good.

I have applied all my powers of mind as honestly and fearlessly to investigate these new manifestations, said to be made by departed spirits, from another advanced state of our existence.

Until the commencement of this investigation, a few weeks since, I believed that all things are eternal, but that there is a constant change in combinations and their results, and that there was no personal or conscious existence after death.

By investigating the history of these manifestations in America, and subsequently, as will be narrated, through the proceedings of an American medium, by whose peculiar organization manifestations are obtained, I have been compelled, contrary to my previous strong convictions, to believe in a future conscious state of life, existing in a refined material, or what is called a spiritual state.

And that, from the natural progress of creation, these departed spirits have attained the power to communicate their feelings and knowledge to us living upon the earth, by various means.

From the communications which have been made to me, through the aid of this American medium, (Mrs. Hayden) from Jefferson, Franklin, Grace Fletcher, and the father of our present sovereign, I am informed that these new manifestations, or revelations, from the spiritual, or more truly, the refined material world, are made for the purpose of changing the present false, disunited, and miserable state of human existence, for a true, united, and happy state, to arise from a new universal education, or formation of character, from birth, to be based on truth and conducted in accordance with the established laws of human nature.

Were it not for these new and extraordinary manifestations, there would arise a conflict between the evil spirits of democracy and aristocracy, which would deluge the world with blood; and would create universal violence and slaughter among all nations. But these manifestations appear to be made at this period, to prepare the world for universal peace, and to infuse into all the spirit of charity, forbearance and love.

These new and extraordinary manifestations have not changed my opinion as to the truth of the principles which I have so long advocated, nor my assurance of the benefits to be derived from their universal application to practice. On the contrary, the certainty of the immense permanent advantages to be incurred by the adoption of this system by the human race, has been confirmed to me by the spirits of Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, the Duke of Kent, and Grace Fletcher.

Those who are wise, and who are not opposed to the universal happiness of mankind, will mark, learn, and inwardly digest these things.

ROBERT OWEN.

LONDON, March 30, 1853.

Mr. Van Buren's European Tour.

Among the American passengers on board the steamer *Africa*, which recently left New York for England, was ex-President Van Buren, who is to make a European tour with his son MARTIN, in the hopes that it will be beneficial to the health of the latter, which is somewhat impaired. Mr. Van Buren is the first American ex-President that ever visited Europe, and will doubtless attract great attention wherever he goes. In connection with this tour the New York *Herald* indulges in the following pleasant balage in its own peculiar style:

Since the memorable epoch, when his brilliant son, Prince John, danced that coquette with the royal Miss Alexandrina Victoria, that distinguished lady has annually given living proofs of obedience to that most ancient of divine commands, "Be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth," and Mr. Van Buren will, perhaps, arrive in London about the important period when the golfers and godmothers of the last august youthful stranger will promise and vow for him those three things laid down in the ceremony of baptism. It would be a very curious and interesting matter if an ex-President of the United States should officiate as one of the sponsors of the royal baby, and if the latter little *Dis-tinguish* should number among his string of Christian names that of Martin.

The Spaniards say, *quien sabe*—who knows!

Story with a Moral.

We hope that none of our particular friends will apply to themselves the portrait displayed in the following sketch:

Some years ago Mr. R., an American gentleman, having discovered some new process by which he thought money could be made in England, concluded to try his fortune in London.

Very soon after his arrival, he presented himself at the office of the leading journals, and requested to see the editor. He was desired to give his name and business, which he did, and an answer was speedily brought that the editor was engaged. By dint of great urgency, he at last succeeded in making his way to the room of the sub-editor, and, having never found any difficulty in obtaining a hearing from gentlemen of the press in his own country, where the time of an editor is considered almost public property, he proceeded at once to explain his discovery, supposing that it would be received as a favor, and duly glorified, as a matter of course, in the next day's impression!

Before he had fairly made his beginning, however, the sub-editor cut him short, politely but firmly, by saying he had no time to spare, as that he presumed his visitor's object was to have his discovery noticed. "Why, yes, sir, I should like"—"it can't be done, sir, without trouble; write whatever you like, it shall go in; of course you will leave your name and address. The clerk in the office will arrange with you as to terms. Good morning, sir."—Finding himself disowned, Mr. R. went to the office, where he was furnished with pen, ink and paper, sat down, and in due course of some twenty minutes produced an editorial paragraph of perhaps twice that number of lines. This he handed to the clerk; merely asking whether it would appear the next day.

"Certainly sir, Editorial!"

"Yes, sir, in the Editorial column."

"I presume you would not wish it in the largest type used on the paper?"

"Why, yes, sir, I should prefer that."

"In that case, sir, the charge will be ten guineas; if in smaller type, five."

Mr. R. took his manuscript and withdrew.

The Sonora Expedition.

The *Alta California* says: "We are authoritatively advised that a large expedition is fitting out from San Francisco to go to Sonora. It will number near twelve hundred men, and be commanded by Count de Rausset Boudon.

We have been assured that nothing hostile is intended in this expedition; on the contrary, the disciplined men on the frontiers of that state, will have the happiest effect in keeping the Apaches in check, and restoring confidence and a feeling of security to the inhabitants.

The intention is to enter Sonora, and obtain from Governor Guadalupe, permission to explore and work the numerous mines now lying entirely abandoned on the frontier. This mammoth company will be divided into three distinct parties, all subject to one general head and a code of laws for the general good.

The three divisions are to be miners, farmers and artisans. These parties will extend along the frontier, and probably occupy the large and once rich and flourishing ranches of Barbacornori and Bernardino Count de Rausset Boudon is a young man of about thirty-three years of age, and is descended from one of the oldest and most distinguished families of Avignon, in the south of France. And the porters of Avignon, a race remarkable for feats of personal strength and the enormous burdens they carry have ever cherished with pride the recollections of his Herculean strength. During the war with Algeria, he joined the army as a volunteer, and soon became the bosom friend of the Duc d'Aumale, the son of Louis Philippe, and was appointed on his personal staff. There he served with great credit and distinction. At the time of the revolution he left Algeria and took to stumping it through the southern provinces, offering himself as a candidate for the National Assembly.

Beautiful as the blush of girlhood dawns upon us the light of these early spring mornings. Sweet beyond comparison is the fragrant perfume of early blossoms and the genial influence of the yellow sunshine. Pure and peaceful as the thrill of early affection breathe the aerial sighings of the vernal season.—The air palpitates as with the beating of the wings of birds yet invisible; the waters of the bay dance and sparkle in the rays of the noon-day sun; and the distant shores of Jersey and Long Island stand out early against the clear blue sky, like a line of Mediterranean sea-coast. The sweet April bloom has shed its magic influence over the flow'rgardens and parks of the city; the willow and the maple buds are swelling, impatient to break from the brown coverings of winter; and the daffodil, the crocus, the white anemone, and the 'daisy trim'—darling of Malherbe—have already opened their tender eyes in the sweet resurrection of spring. Out in the country spring's fragrant foot-prints are traceable through every field and wood, and glade and dell. Sweet nature dressed in her embroidered robe, and fragrant with the perfume of early flowers, has spread o'er hill and vale a carpet of bright green, and now gaily smiles in all the pride of youth and beauty. The late frost-bound earth has yielded to the genial influence of warm sunshine and gentle showers; the streams are murmuring pleasantly between green mossy banks, and the little brooks are leaping with a bubbling cadence from beneath the fern-fringed roots of ancient oaks and elms, or leaping like threads of crystal out of the eternal rock. The red-winged blackbird and the mistle-thrush may be seen in some thorny brake, making faint essays of their notes, while cuckoo's about may be heard on the far-off heath. "The sun-

dy plowman is abroad with a glad heart, unpacking and turning up the earth, that it may be ready for the seed scattered by the hand of the sower—confiding in the promise, "while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest shall not cease." There is a sweet reviving influence in this charming weather, when nature is wakening from the gloom of winter, and clothing herself in gorgeous array, in welcome of the fairest season of the year.—The freshness of the morning breeze, the fragrance of opening flowers, the warm sea of sunshine, and the minstrelsy of birds, all inspire ardent hopes and are attended with countless blessings.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Painful Scene.

The following scene occurred in the Mobile City Court on Tuesday March 5, Daniel Cesse convicted of murder was called on.

"Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?" He answered: "May it please your Honor, I have been well raised. But I have one fault, which I yielded to, and it is drinking too much. I came to this city to seek honorable employment.

I had been on the St. Charles at work I was engaged to work on a boat. On the night of the murder, I went ashore to a friend's house to write a letter. I wrote the letter, and wanted to carry it to the post office but was advised it was too late, and I had better go and take a game. I went and played my first game of dominoes. I drank and became intoxicated. My friends left me. I started as well as my very imperfect memory of what occurred serves me for my boat—I would to God some human eye could have seen me and borne testimony here of what occurred. I cannot recollect it, or anything that occurred afterwards that night. When I first awoke in the morning I thought I was on the boat but I found that I was in the guard house. I never harbored malice. I could not be guilty of the offence of which I am convicted. Before God I am innocent of murder. I could not kill the corps of that poor man now. The Judge then passed sentence on the prisoner. Confinement in the penitentiary at Wetumpka during his natural life.

Survey of the Pacific Railroad.

Four expeditions have been organized under the appropriation of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for the survey of a practicable route for the Pacific Railroad. The first under Gov. Stephens, late of the corps of Topographical Engineers, will start from St. Paul's Minnesota, and move west across the upper branches of the Missouri, through the South Pass, thence to the Columbia river. The second, under Lieut. Whipple, of the Topographical Corps, is instructed to survey the route from Memphis or Vicksburg, by way of Fort Smith, Arkansas, Albuquerque, New Mexico; thence to the frontier of California. Lieut. Williamson is directed to leave San Diego with a surveying party, and meet Lieut. Whipple at Walker's Pass, in the Sierra Nevada. Capt. Gunnison is ordered from Milwaukee to Washington to take charge of the fourth party, which will rendezvous near Council Bluffs, and attempt to explore the Central route—that taken by Col. Fremont in his last expedition, which failed so disastrously. This party is organized under the recommendation of Mr. Benton "Mr. Kerr, one of Col. Fremont's men, will accompany this last party. Each party will be escorted by thirty-five troops, mounted men or infantry.—N. Y. Courier.

Settled Opinion on Religious Truth.

Few men have made a deeper or broader mark on the history of physical science than Sir Humphry Davy; yet he did not allow his scientific investigations so to absorb his attention as to cause him to neglect the studies which pertain to the interest of the soul. Hear what he has to say on the superior advantages of a firm conviction of religious truth over all attainments in physical science:

"I envy no quality of the mind or intellect of others, not genius, wit nor fancy; but if I could choose what would be the most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes discipline of good creates new hopes when earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence the most gorgeous of all light; awakens life in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity, makes an instrument of misfortune and of shame, the ladder of ascent to paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes calls up the most delightful vision of palms and of emerald, the gardens of the blest, and the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, annihilation, and despair."

The velvet moss grows on a sterile rock—the mistletoe flourishes on the naked branches—the ivy clings to the mouldering ruins—the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the mutations of the passing year, and Heaven be praised, something green something beautiful to see, and grateful to the soul will in the darkest hour of life still twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart